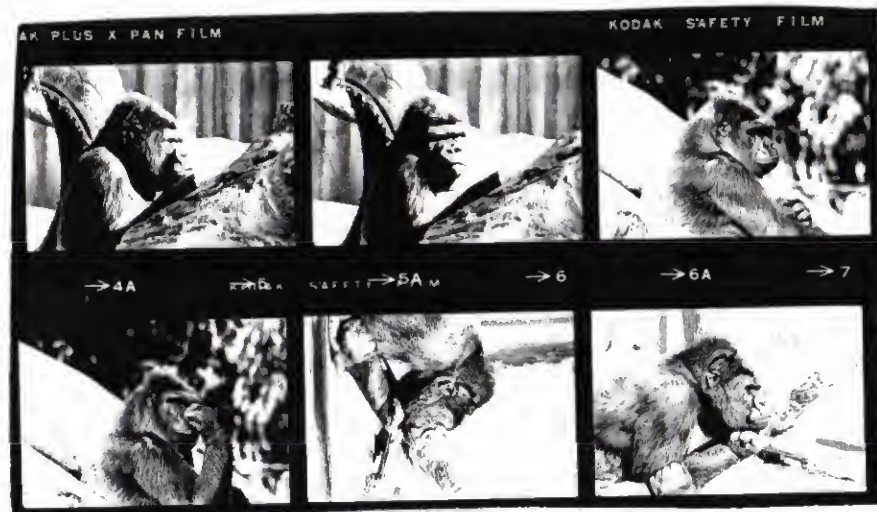


14/16

How Can I Help ?

If you want others to be happy,
practice compassion. If you
want to be happy, practice
Compassion.

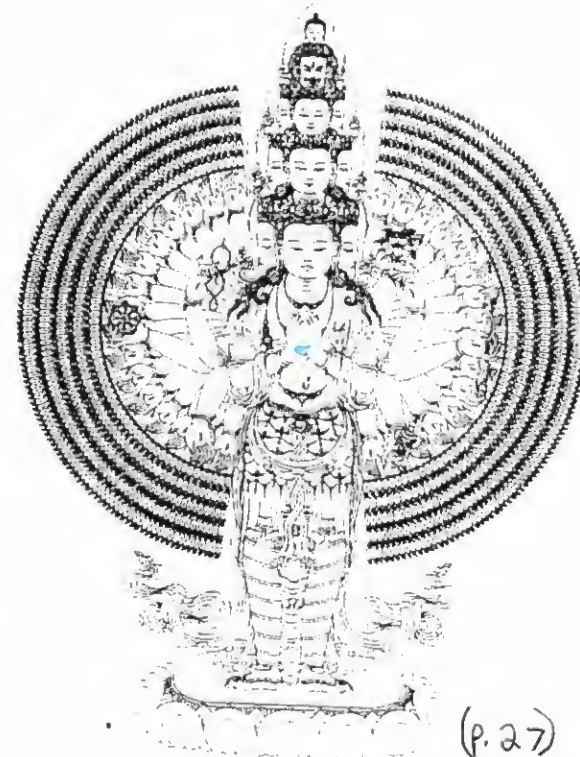
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The Secret Impulse

HIGHLIGHTS

- The gift of full attention
- Using your "inner body" as an anchor to the Now
- Cultivating moments of "pure awareness"
- How to expand the space between your thoughts for a deeper experience of the Now
- "Reactive thoughts"—how to catch them before they catch you
- Entering the Now through the portal called "allow"
- Dissolving your "pain-body" with the light of consciousness



(p. 27)

Thursday, December 4, 2003

Once upon a time there was a beautiful river finding her way among the hills, forests, and meadows. She began by being a joyful stream of water, a spring always dancing and singing as she ran down from the top of the mountain. She was very young at the time, and as she came to the lowland she slowed down. She was thinking about going to the ocean. As she grew up, she learned to look beautiful, winding gracefully among the hills and meadows.

One day she noticed the clouds within herself. Clouds of all sorts of colors and forms. She did nothing during these days but chase after clouds. She wanted to possess a cloud, to have one for herself. But clouds float and travel in the sky, and they are always changing their form. Sometimes they look like an overcoat,

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Eric Wellhausen died almost as soon as he hit the ground after falling from the seventh floor ledge beneath his Oliver Hall room on Sept. 12, said Donald V. Pojman of the Douglas County Coroner's Office.

Wellhausen's blood alcohol content was listed at .16, twice the legal limit for persons 21 years old and older. The legal limit for blood alcohol content among minors is .02.



Wellhausen

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Friends who were with Wellhausen in the hours before he died had said Wellhausen only had a few beers before falling off of the ledge.

Wellhausen died because his heart burst and bled due to pressure from the fall, according to an autopsy report from the Douglas County Coroner's Office that was released yesterday.

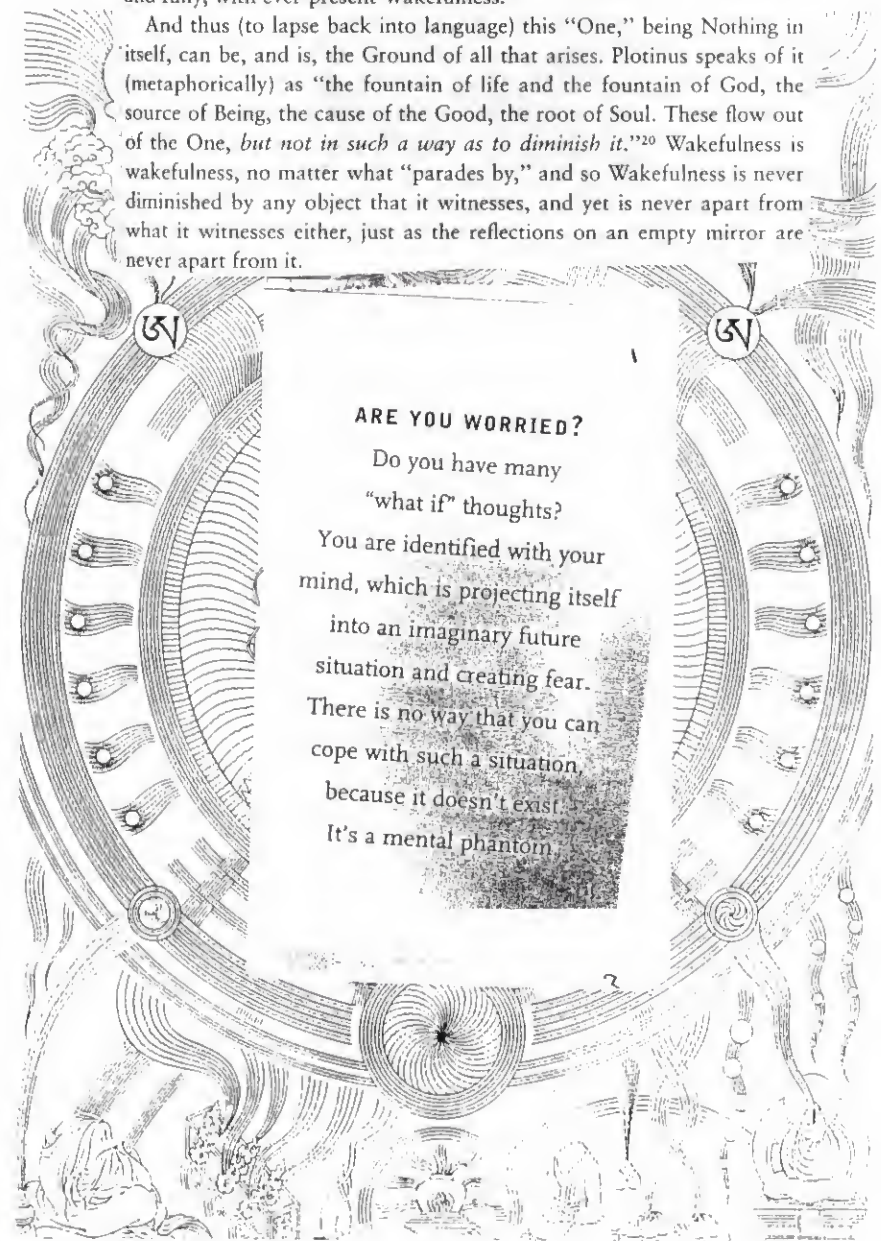
"He couldn't have lived another five or 10 minutes," Pojman said.

The report indicated that someone had written a term offensive to homosexuals in black marker on Wellhausen's left cheek. Someone had also drawn male genitalia on his leg, according to the report.

586

The One is not a numerical one, as so many of Plotinus's interpreters imagine. As he patiently but dryly puts it, "the One is not one of the units that make up the number two." To say that "the whole world is one and undivided" would be to miss the point entirely, for that itself is merely a concept, and a dualistic concept at that. The "real" One is the ever-present Wakefulness that is aware of any concept, including "One," but is *not itself* that or any other image, thought, or object, but embraces all, equally and fully, with ever-present Wakefulness.

And thus (to lapse back into language) this "One," being Nothing in itself, can be, and is, the Ground of all that arises. Plotinus speaks of it (metaphorically) as "the fountain of life and the fountain of God, the source of Being, the cause of the Good, the root of Soul. These flow out of the One, *but not in such a way as to diminish it.*"²⁰ Wakefulness is wakefulness, no matter what "parades by," and so Wakefulness is never diminished by any object that it witnesses, and yet is never apart from what it witnesses either, just as the reflections on an empty mirror are never apart from it.





At times, helping happens simply in the way of things. It's not something we really think about, merely the instinctive response of an open heart. Caring is a reflex. Someone slips, your arm goes out. A car is in a ditch, you join the others and push. A colleague at work has the blues, you let her know you care. It all seems natural and appropriate. You live, you help.

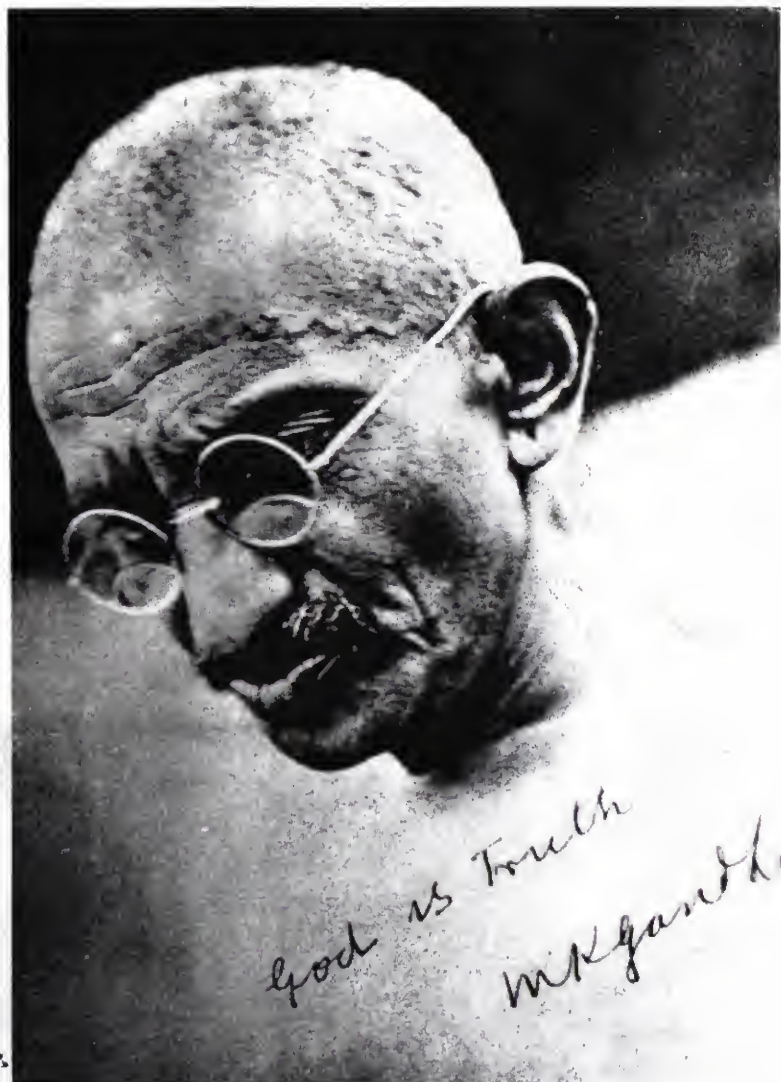
When we join together in this spirit, action comes more effortlessly, and everybody ends up nourished. Girding against the flood ... setting up a community meeting ... preparing a funeral ... people seem to know their part. We sense what's called for, or if we don't, and feel momentarily awkward, someone comes quickly with an idea, and it's just right, and we're grateful. We babysit the kids while their parents move possessions to homes farther from the rising river ... we bring a comfortable chair for an older person who might attend the meeting ... we call the rabbi with a favorite psalm of the one who has just died. Needs are anticipated, and glances of appreciation among us are enough to confirm that it's all going well.

Comments: df+t83@ku.edu

As one individual changes,
the system changes.



The River



god is Truth
mkgandh

had never noticed it before. She had only been interested in clouds, and she had missed seeing the sky, which is the home of all the clouds. Clouds are impermanent, but the sky is stable. She realized that the immense sky had been within her heart since the very beginning. This great insight brought her peace and

others' shoulders, a type of Zorba-the-Greek dance, it looked like to me, every now and then kicking their legs up in unison.

I sat down at the bar, by myself, and put my head in my arms. A Kolsch appeared in front of me, and, without wondering where it came from, I drank it at one pull. Another appeared. I drank it. I guess they think I'm running a tab, I thought.

About four beers later I started crying again, though now I try to hide it. I don't ever remember crying this much, I think. Crying for myself, anyway. I am starting to get slightly tipsy by now. A few of the men dance in my direction and gesture for me to join them. No, thank you, no, I gesture back. A few beers later they gesture again, only this time one of them takes me by the arm, in a friendly way, and tugs.

"*Ich spreche kein Deutsch,*" I say, the one phrase I have memorized. They keep tugging and gesturing, smiling, looking concerned, looking like they want to help. I think seriously about bolting for the door, but I haven't paid for the beer. Awkwardly, very self-consciously, I join the men dancing, arms around those on both sides of me, moving back and forth, kicking our legs up every now and then. I start laughing, then I start crying, then laughing, then crying. I would like to turn away, to hide what is happening to me, but I am locked arm-and-shoulder into the semicircle. For about fifteen minutes I seem to lose all control over my emotions. Fear, panic, self-pity, laughter, joy, terror, feeling sorry for myself, feeling happy about myself—they all come rushing through me and show on my face, which embarrasses me, but the men keep nodding their heads, and smiling, as if to tell me it's all OK, young man, it's all OK. Just keep dancing, young man, just keep dancing. You see? Like this. . . .

I stayed in that pub for two hours, dancing and drinking Kolsch. I never wanted to leave. Somehow, in that short period, it all seemed to come to a head, to rise up and wash through my system, to be exposed and to be accepted. Not totally; but I did seem to come to some sort of peace about it all; enough, at any rate, to carry on. I finally got up to go, and gestured goodbye to all the men. They waved and kept dancing. Nobody ever charged me for the beer.

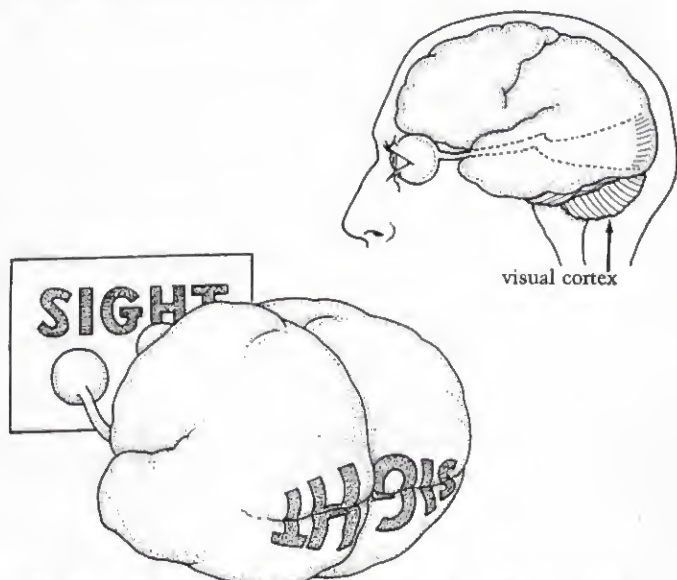
I later told Edith this story, and she said, "Ah, now you know what the real Germany is like."

I would like to claim that my big satori about accepting Treya's condition, that my coming to terms with her likely death, that my becoming finally responsible for my own choices about setting aside my interests and doing anything to support her—I would like to

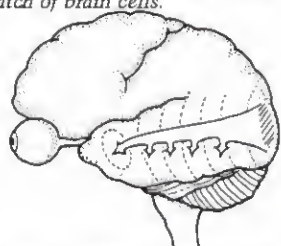
claim that all of that came from some powerful meditation session with blazing white light and spontaneous insights pouring over me, that I grabbed a handful of Zen courage and plunged back into the fight, that I reached high for some transcendental epiphany that set me straight at once. But it happened in a little pub with a bunch of kindly old men whose names I do not know and whose language I did not speak.

Messages from the eye are first fanned out across the visual cortex on the back surface of the brain.

4



This first mapping of vision is "projected" upside down and back to front on a postage-stamp-sized patch of brain cells.



Then this initial projection ripples forward, passing through bands of processing, which extract different details such as color, depth, and shape.

Germany is closed on Sunday. I began walking the back streets of Godesberg feeling sorrier and sorrier for myself. At this point I wasn't so much thinking of Treya as I was wallowing in me. My whole fucking life is a shambles, I've given it all up for Treya, and now Treya, I'll kill her, is going to die.

As I walked and emoted, pissed that no pubs seemed to be open, I heard polka music coming from several blocks away. It must be a pub, I thought; even on Sunday you can't keep good Germans away from Kolsch and Piers. I followed the music to a cute little pub about six blocks out of town. Inside were perhaps a dozen men, all of them somewhat elderly, maybe in their late sixties, rosy cheeks from years of starting the day with Kolsch. The music was lively, not what Americans think of as polka, which is a kind of schmaltzy Lawrence Welk mush, but more like authentic German bluegrass music; I loved this music. About half of the men—there were no women, and no younger men—were dancing together in a semicircle, arms over each



Once we're free,
our acts can free other people.

Treya has
cancer
↓

I was in about forty feet of water, alone. I knew I should not have gone alone, but I was very competent and just took a chance. There was not much current, and the water was so warm and clear and enticing. But when I got a cramp, I realized at once how foolish I was. I was not very alarmed, but was completely doubled up with stomach cramp. I tried to remove my weight belt, but I was so doubled up I could not get to the catch. I was sinking and began to feel more frightened, unable to move. I could see my watch and knew that there was only a little more time on the tank before I would be finished with breathing! I tried to massage my abdomen. I wasn't wearing a wet suit, but couldn't straighten out and couldn't get to the cramped muscles with my hands.

I thought, "I can't go like this! I have things to do!" I just couldn't die anonymously this way, with no one to even know what happened to me. I called out in my mind, "Somebody, something, help me!"

I was not prepared for what happened. Suddenly I felt a prodding from behind me under the armpit. I thought, "Oh no, sharks!" I felt real terror and despair. But my arm was being lifted forcibly. Around into my field of vision came an eye—the most marvelous eye I could ever imagine. I swear it was smiling. It was the eye of a big dolphin. Looking into that eye, I knew I was safe.

It moved farther forward, nudging under, and hooked its dorsal fin under my armpit with my arm over its back. I relaxed, hugging it, flooded with relief. I felt that the animal was conveying security to me, that it was healing me as well as lifting me toward the surface. My stomach cramp went away as we ascended, and I relaxed with security, but I felt very strongly that it healed me too.

At the surface, it drew me all the way in to shore. It took me into water so shallow that I began to be concerned for it, that it would be beached, and I pushed it back a little deeper, where it waited, watching me, I guess to see if I was all right.

It felt like another lifetime. When I took off the weight belt and oxygen, I just took everything off and went naked back into the ocean to the dolphin. I felt so light and free and alive, and just wanted to play in the sun and the water, in all that freedom. The dolphin took me back out and played around in the water with me. I noticed that there were a lot of dolphins there, farther out.

After a while it brought me back to shore. I was very tired then, almost collapsing, and he made sure I was safe in the shallowest water. Then he turned sideways with one eye looking into mine. We stayed that way for what seemed like a very long time, timeless I guess, in a trance almost, with personal thoughts of the past going through my mind.



Meanwhile, Marilyn Manson responded to folks in Colorado who thought he shouldn't perform this year by saying he'll add Bible verses to some of his songs.



Manson

"This way fans will not only hear my so-called 'violent' point of view, but we can also examine the

virtues of wonderful 'Christian' stories of disease, murder, adultery, suicide and child sacrifice," he said on his Web site. "Now that seems like 'entertainment' to me."

Some Colorado Christian groups think Manson's lyrics influenced the Columbine High School killers and want him to pull out of the Ozzfest when it comes to Denver this summer.

Peace in the absence of war is of little value to someone who is dying of hunger or cold.

Deforestation

Rain forests are being destroyed at a rate of 125,000 square miles per year to create space to raise animals for food. For every quarter-pound fast-food burger made of rain-forest beef, 55 square feet of land are consumed.



Let's trade in all our judging for appreciating. Let's lay down our righteousness and just be together.

Then he made just one sound and went out to join the others, and all of them left.

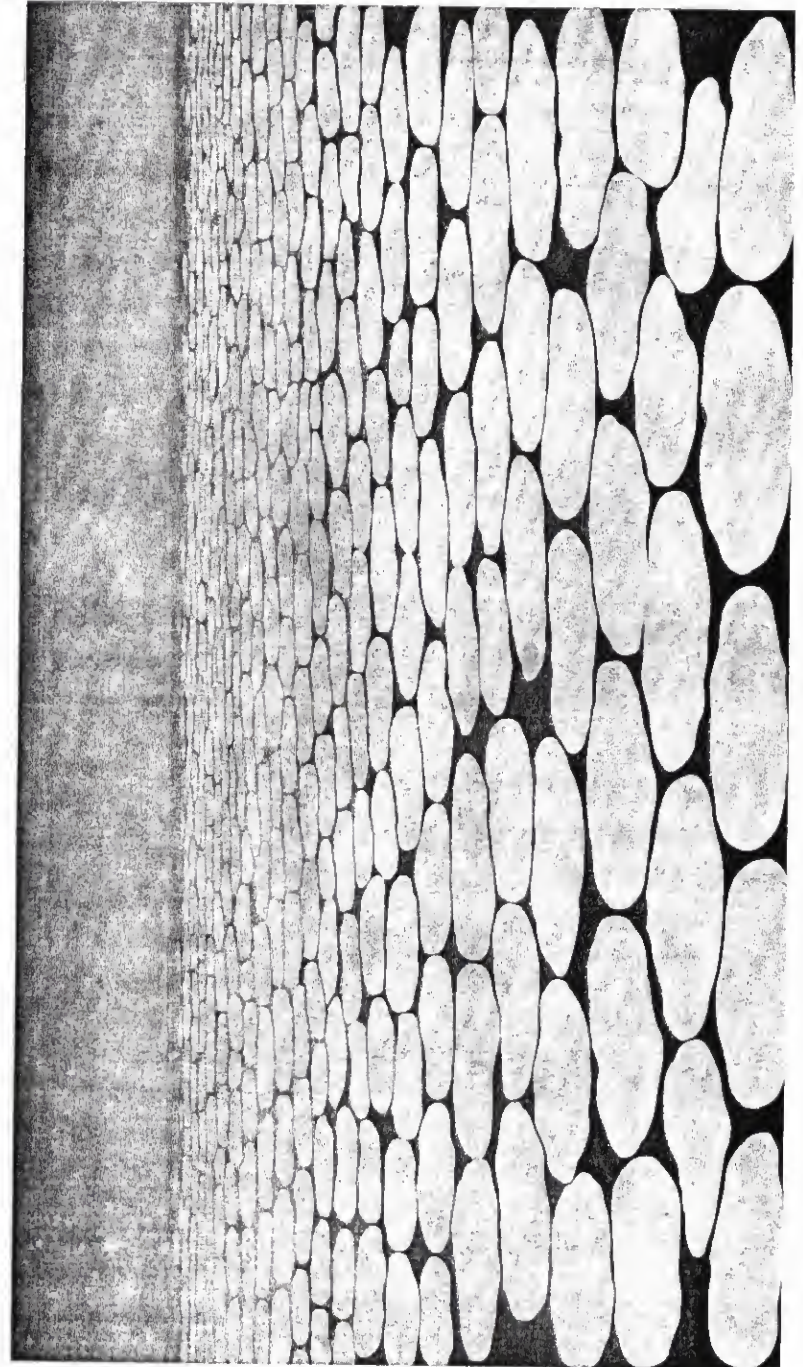


A Note to the Reader

IN DOUGLAS ADAMS'S *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, a massive supercomputer is designed to give the ultimate answer, the absolute answer, the answer that would completely explain "God, life, the universe, and everything." But the computer takes seven and a half million years to do this, and by the time the computer delivers the answer, everybody has forgotten the question. Nobody remembers the ultimate question, but the ultimate answer the computer comes up with is: 42.

This is amazing! Finally, the ultimate answer. So wonderful is the answer that a contest is held to see if anybody can come up with the question. Many profound questions are offered, but the final winner is: How many roads must a man walk down?

"God, life, the universe, and everything" is pretty much what this book is about, although, of course, the answer is not quite as snappy as "42." It deals with matter, life, mind, and spirit, and the evolutionary currents that seem to unite them all in a pattern that connects.



5

In other words, the more one can go *within*, or the more one can introspect and reflect on one's self, then the more detached from that self one can become, the more one can rise above that self's limited perspective, and so the less narcissistic or less egocentric one becomes (or the more *decentered* one becomes). This is why Piaget is always saying things that *sound* paradoxical, such as: "Finally, as the child becomes conscious of his subjectivity, he rids himself of his egocentricity."²



*
v

In short, the more one goes *within*, the more one goes *beyond*, and the more one can thus embrace a *deeper identity* with a *wider perspective*.

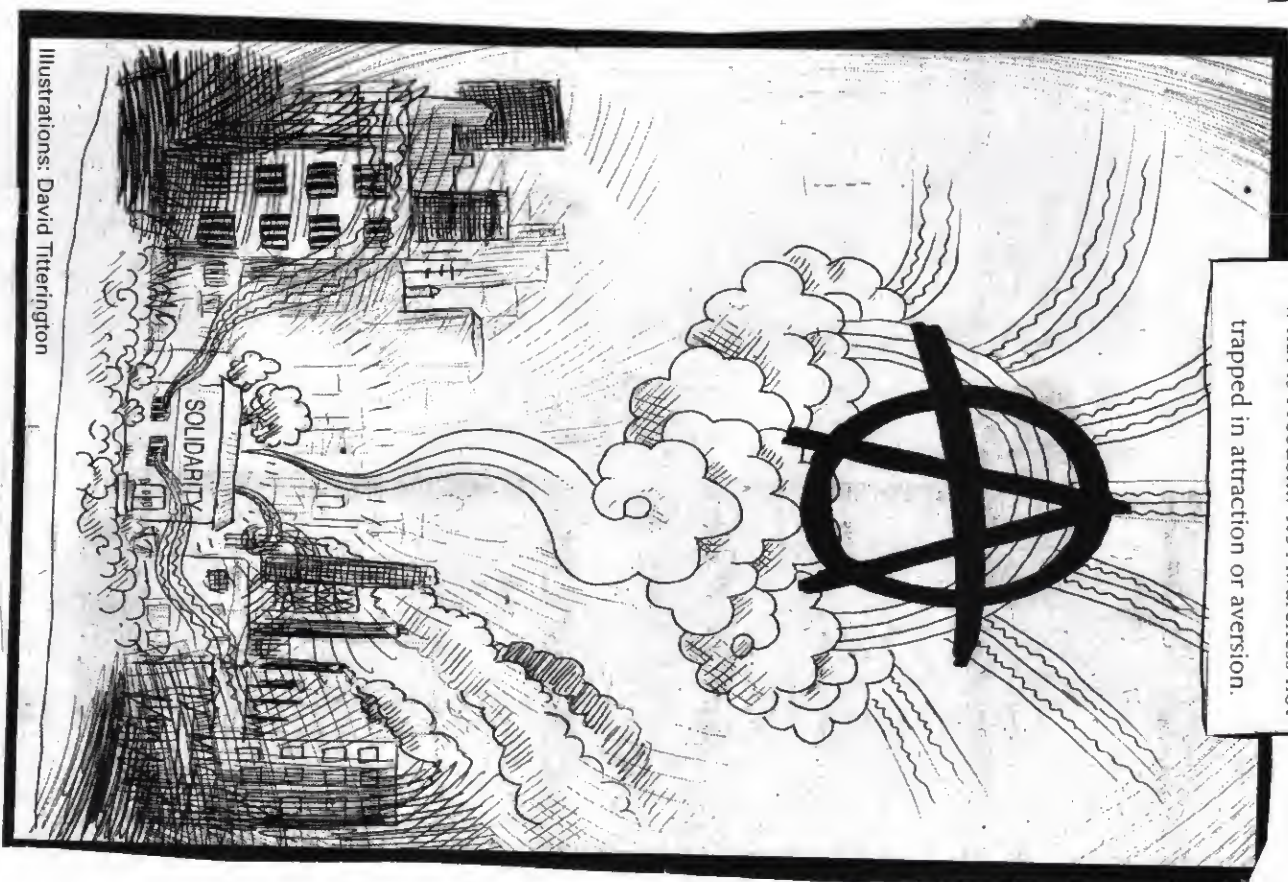
Meditation, then, as we will see in detail, involves yet a further *going within*, and thus a further *going beyond*, the discovery of a new and higher awareness with a new and wider identity—and thus meditation is one of the single strongest antidotes to egocentrism and narcissism (and geocentrism and anthropocentrism and sociocentrism).

And let us remember Piaget's central point about egocentrism, namely, that "egocentrism obscures the truth." It follows that meditation, as an antidote to egocentrism, would involve a substantial increase in capacity for *truth disclosure*, a clearing of the cobwebs of selfcentric perception and an opening in which the Kosmos could more clearly manifest, and be seen, and be appreciated—for what it is and not for what it can do for *me*.



Kasumi Bunsho Roshi, "Patience," 20th century.

What is Freedom? It's Awareness not trapped in attraction or aversion.



Illustrations: David Titterington

If you would truly bring peace to the world, identify with that place within

you where you are Peace.

Likewise the Dzogchen master Namkhai Norbu, describing the self-knowing absolute or primordial state of pure Presence (*yeshe/nrigpa*), points out that the Primordial State (or pure Presence, pure Emptiness) is not a *particular experience*, whether of pleasure or clarity or "voidness" itself, but rather is that which cognizes all experiences (or the pure Presence of any experience): "There is a great deal of difference between a sensation of pleasure and one of voidness, but the inherent nature of both the two experiences is *one and the same*. When we are in a state of voidness [no thoughts], there is [nonetheless] a presence that continues all the time, a presence which is just the same in an experience of pleasurable sensation [or any other experience]. This Presence is unique and beyond the mind. It is a non-dual state which is the basis of all the infinite forms of manifestation."

Thus, he continues, "All that appears to us as a dimension of objects ['out there'] is not, in fact, really something concrete at all, but is an aspect of our own primordial state appearing to us. Different experiences can arise for us, but the presence *never changes*" (*Dzogchen*, pp. 52, 53, 50).

→ Different meditation practices engender different states and different experiences, but pure Presence itself is unwavering, and thus the highest approach in Dzogchen is "Buddhahood without meditation": not the creation but rather the *direct recognition* of an already perfectly present and freely given primordial Purity, of the pure Emptiness of this and every state, embracing equally all forms; embracing a self, embracing a no-self, embracing whatever arises.

But in no case is primordial Emptiness a particular state versus another state, or a particular concept versus another concept, or a particular view versus a different view: it is the pure Presence in which any and all forms arise. It certainly is not "no-self" as opposed to "self." It is rather the opening or clearing in which, right now, all manifestation arises in your awareness, remains a bit, and fades: the unwavering clearing itself never enters the stream of time, but cognizes each and all with perfect Presence, primordial Purity, fierce Compassion, unflinching Embrace.

This unwavering Presence is not entered. There is no stepping into it or falling out of it. The Buddhas never entered this state, nor do ordinary people lack it (the Buddhas have never entered it because nobody ever fell out of it). It is absolutely *not an experience*—not an experience of momentary states, not an experience of self, not an experience of no-self, not an experience of relaxing, not an experience of surrendering: it is the Empty opening or clearing in which *all* of those experiences come and go, an opening or clearing that, were it not always already perfectly Present, no experiences could arise in the first place.

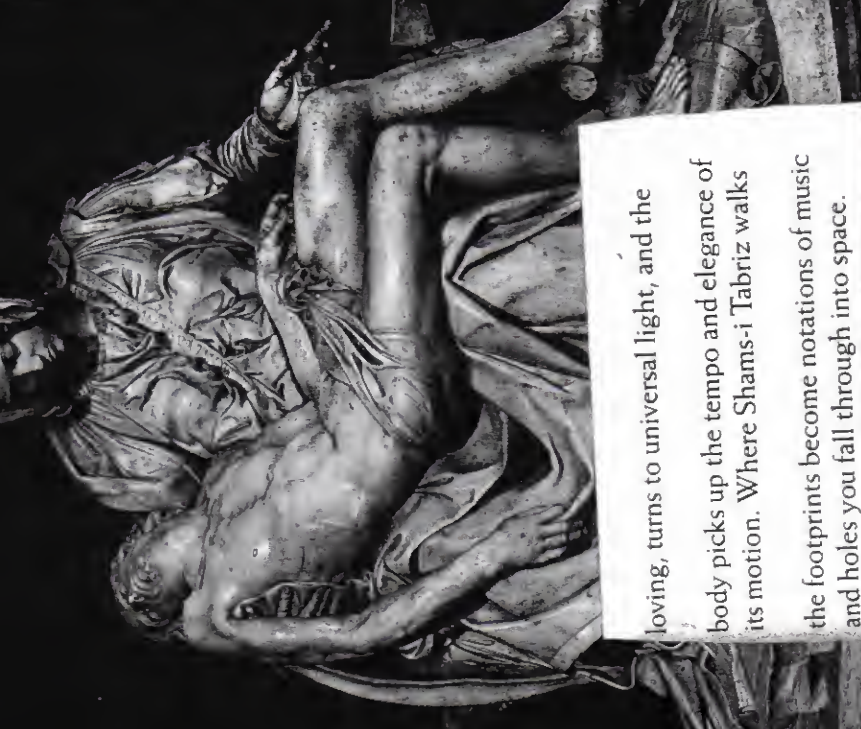
This pure Presence is not a change of state, not an altered state, not a different state, not a state of peace or calm or bliss (or anger or fear or envy). It is the simple, pure, immediate, present awareness in which all of those states come and go, the opening or clearing in which they arise, remain, pass, arise, remain, pass. . . .

And yet there is something that does not arise or remain or pass—the simple opening, the immediateness of awareness, the simple feeling of Being, of which all particular states and particular experiences are simply ripples, wrinkles, gestures, folds: the clouds that come and go in the sky . . . and you are the sky. You are not behind your eyes staring out at the clouds that pass; you are the sky in which, and through which, the clouds float, endlessly, ceaselessly, spontaneously, freely, with no obstruction, no barriers, no contractions, no glitches: no moving parts in one's true nature, nothing to break down. In spring it rains; in winter it snows. Remarkable, this empty clearing.

You do not *become* this opening or clearing; you do not become the sky. You are not always the sky, nor are you already the sky; you are *always already* the sky: it is always already spontaneously accomplished: and that is why the clouds can come and go in the first place. The sunlight freely plays on the water. Remarkable! Birds are already singing in the woods. Amazing! The ocean already washes on the shore, freely wetting the pebbles and shells. What is not accomplished? Hear that distant bell ringing? Who is not enlightened?

And yet, and yet: how best to refer to this always already Emptiness? What words could a fish use to refer to water? How could you point out water to a fish? Drenched in it, never apart from it, upheld by it—what are we to do? Splash water in its face? What if its original face is water?

loving, turns to universal light, and the body picks up the tempo and elegance of its motion. Where Shams-i Tabriz walks the footprints become notations of music and holes you fall through into space.



loving, turns to universal light, and the body picks up the tempo and elegance of its motion. Where Shams-i Tabriz walks the footprints become notations of music and holes you fall through into space.

Q

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a woman lying down. Her face is partially visible, with her eyes closed and a slight smile. Her hand is near her head, and her arm is extended. The lighting is dramatic, with deep shadows and bright highlights. The image has a grainy, artistic quality.

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[illegible]

11

"Listen to me very carefully" the sky now says to me. "I am Prakriti, doorway to all space, the womb in which all manifestation arises, fleshy entrance to that Spirit which is always already here and now, a Spirit that is about to descend on the unwilling world at large, racing through the evolving waves of carbon and silicon at the speed of light. You wish to enter my body, be one with my desire, sexually unite with my flesh, find the ultimate release—that is what you really want, yes?—to fuck to infinity, find an orgasm so immense it releases the entire cosmos—to be totally Free, radically Released, one with the All. This is what you really want, so why be one with only a single female body, when you can be one with the entire cosmos, an organic release beyond your wildest dreams? Why settle for this pound of flesh, when infinity is yours? Ken, are you listening to me? Ken?"

"Yes, yes, I hear you."

"Reach out and touch my breasts, all you will feel are the clouds. Enter my body, all you will find is the earth. Be one with me, that is what you want. Have intercourse with the entire universe, dear soul, and disappear into that bliss. Do you understand?"

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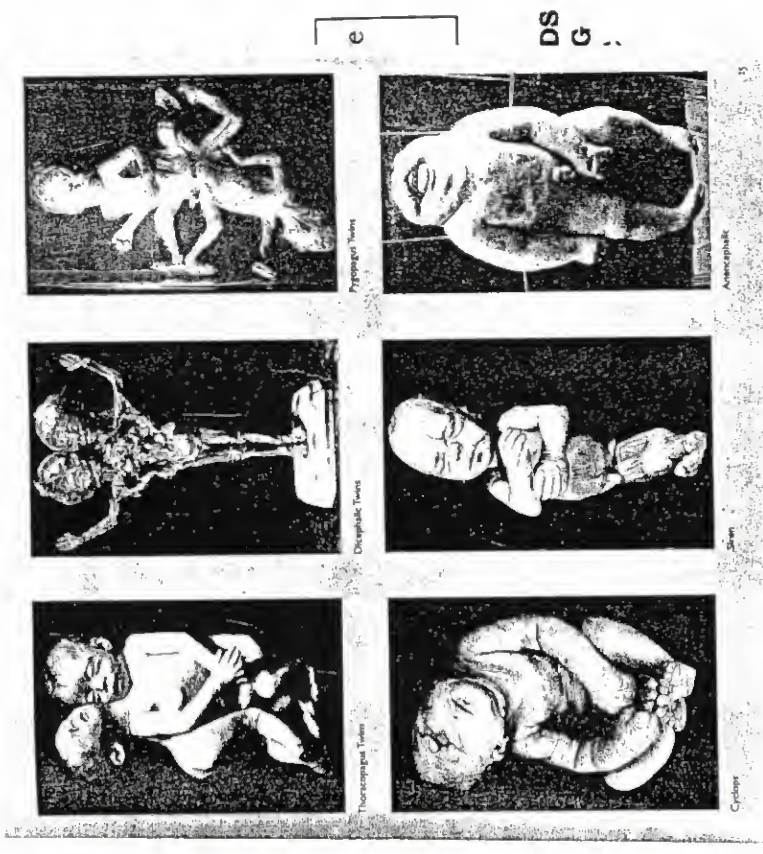
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HARRY POTTER FROM HELLS GATES TO THE PLAY GROUNDS



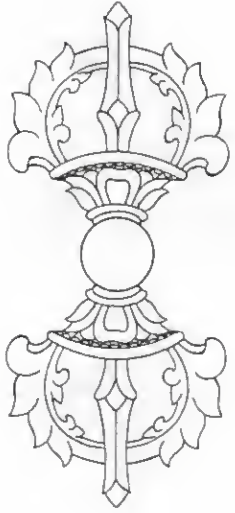
This movie is just another scam from the devil to divert our children from the love of God. This is an evil seductive spirit under the guise of child like humor to destroy our children and the world with witchcraft. Harry Potter the sorcerer is full of lies and tricks and witchcraft.

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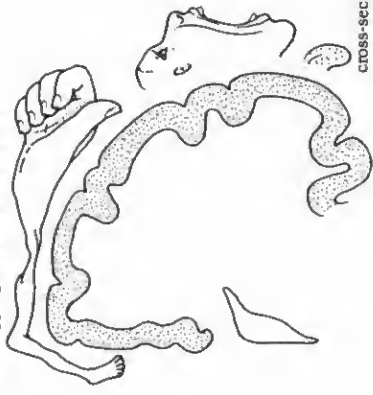
The two zones side by side:
motor control and sensation



The mapping of muscular control



The mapping of sensations of touch



cross-section through half of brain

The sense of touch and control over movement as mapped out across our brain surface—note the exaggerated amount of space devoted to mapping "sensitive" parts of the body such as the mouth, feet, fingers, and tongue. Also, the very small region given over to cells reacting to messages from the back and skull.

The state of Being is neither a state of objective nor of subjective existence, because both these states belong to the relative field of life. When the subtlest state of objective experience has been transcended, then the individual's subjectivity merges into the Transcendent. This state of consciousness is known as pure existence, the state of absolute Being.

This is how, by bringing the attention to the field of the Transcendent, it is possible to contact and experience Being. It cannot be experienced on the level of thinking because, as far as thinking goes, this is still a field of relative existence; the whole field of sensory perception lies within relative existence.

The transcendental state of Being lies beyond all seeing, hearing, touching, smelling and tasting -- beyond all thinking and beyond all feeling. This state of the unmanifested, absolute, pure consciousness of Being is the ultimate state in life. It is easily experienced through the system of transcendental meditation.



TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION

The process of bringing the attention to the level of transcendental Being is known as the system of transcendental meditation.

In the practice of transcendental meditation a suitable thought is selected, and the technique for experiencing it in its initial stages of development enables the conscious mind to arrive systematically at the source of thought, the field of Being.

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This goes to whoever compared a smoking section in a restaurant to a peeing section in a public pool: You are entitled to your opinion but that is the dumbest analogy I have ever heard in my entire life.

■
Mondays should not exist.

■
I am glad I got a bus pass to end up standing out in the rain and not have a bus come and end up having to walk home.

■
What is with the old dudes walking around naked in the Robinson locker room?

■
My roommate has been unknowingly sleeping with a dead mouse for the past three days. I let him borrow my Febreze.

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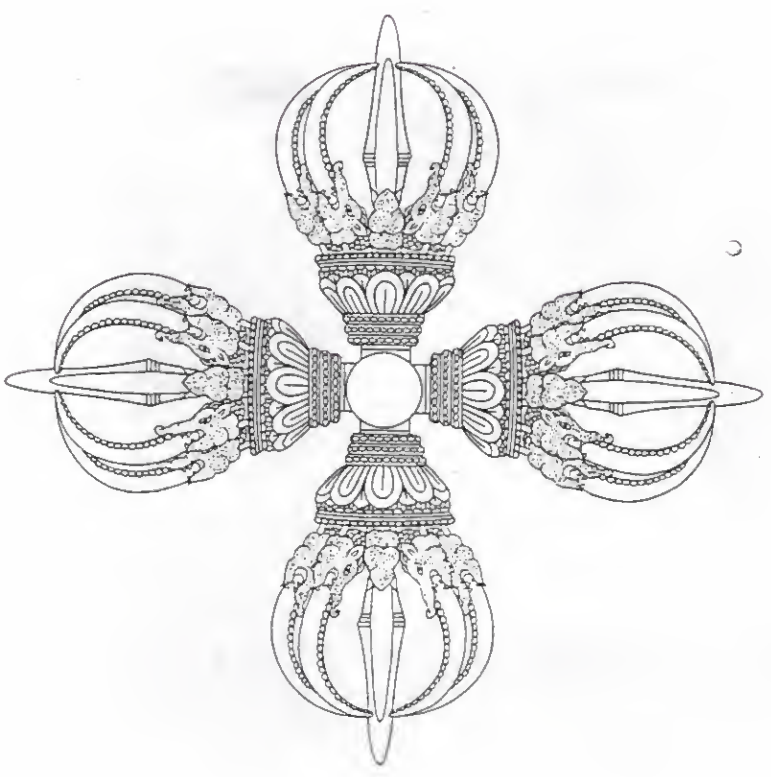
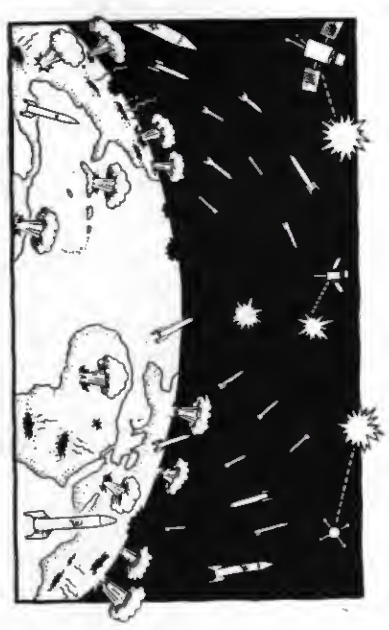
21
17

Through the experience of a thought we can experience the subtle states of thinking and, transcending them, are certain to arrive at the transcendental state of Being.

Thinking is, in itself, the subtle state of speech. When we speak our words are audible, but if we do not speak, the words do not become perceptible. Thus we find that thought is a subtle form of sound.

The process of thinking starts from the deepest, most refined level of consciousness and becomes grosser as it develops. Eventually it becomes gross enough to be perceived on the surface level of consciousness, the ordinary level of thinking. An analogy will clarify this principle.

A thought starts from the deepest level of consciousness, from the deepest level of the ocean of mind, as a bubble starts at the bottom of the sea. As the bubble rises, it gradually becomes bigger. When it comes to the surface of the water it is perceived as a bubble.



42

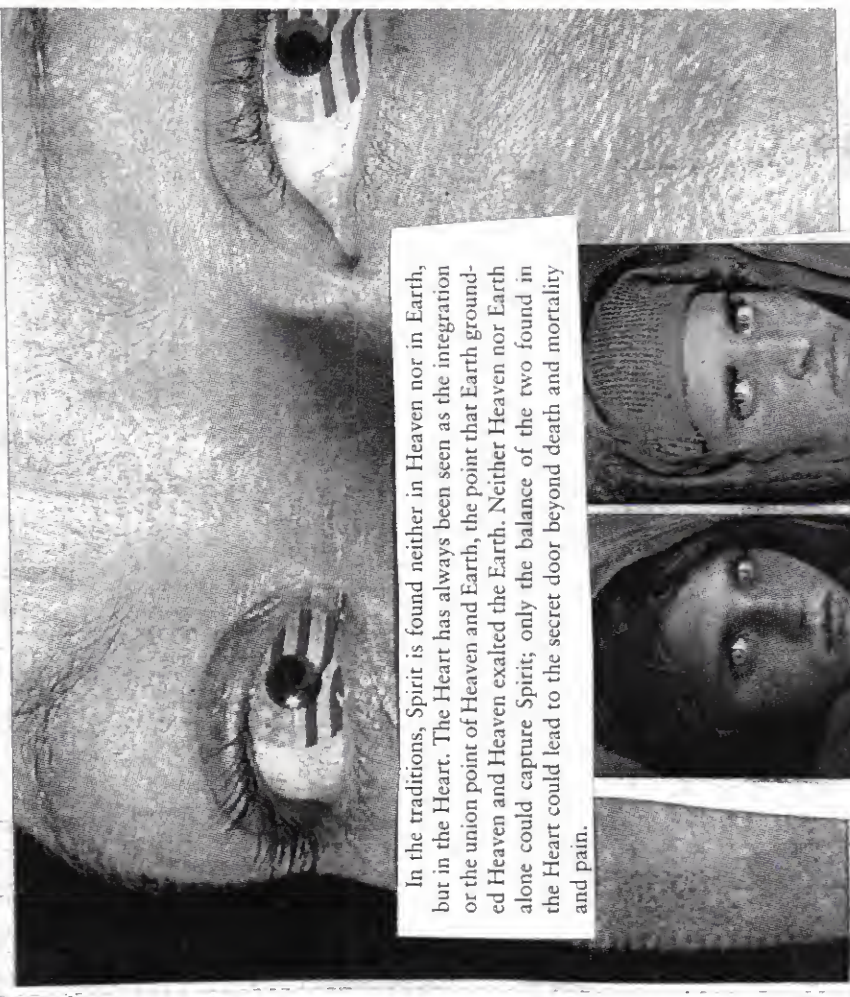


At the moment when there's nothing more to lose, the Ego breaks open—and then we see who we are behind who we thought we were.

Energy

Raising animals for food requires more than one-third of all raw materials and fossil fuels used in the United States. Producing a single hamburger patty uses enough fossil fuel to drive a small car 20 miles and enough water for 17 showers.

THE KANSAS CITY STAR.
Sunday, October 27, 2002



In the traditions, Spirit is found neither in Heaven nor in Earth, but in the Heart. The Heart has always been seen as the integration or the union point of Heaven and Earth, the point that Earth grounded Heaven and Heaven exalted the Earth. Neither Heaven nor Earth alone could capture Spirit; only the balance of the two found in the Heart could lead to the secret door beyond death and mortality and pain.



Photos taken in 1984, 2002 by Steve McCurry, National Geographic Society

Afghan face found again

The girl with penetrating eyes captured on a *National Geographic* cover in 1985 is discovered by the same photographer in a remote region of the country. 10A.

PAINTING TO BE CONSTRUCTED IN YOUR HEAD

Observe three paintings carefully.
Mix them well in your head.

"If you want to be one with the cosmos, Ken, instead of one with only a single female body, then don't see the mountain, be it. Like this: Feel my naked body. Now feel the same way about the entire world in front of you. Erotically unite with everything that is arising."



A 7

Saturday, December 7, 2002
www.kansascity.com

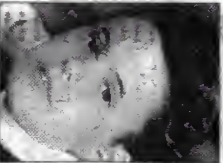
NATION

Transgendered woman's mom loses in court

The Associated Press

LINCOLN, Neb. — The Nebraska Supreme Court on Friday rejected an attempt to increase the damage award to the mother of a cross-dressing woman whose murder was dramatized in the 1999 movie "Boys Don't Cry."

Teena Brandon, 21, was posing as a man and using the alias Brandon Teena when two acquaintances, John Lotter and Marvin Nissen, learned her true gender. She told the local sheriff they had raped her, but they were not ar-



Brandon

rested.

They killed her and two other persons about a week later.

JoAnn Brandon initially asked for \$350,000 in damages, alleging that Richardson County Sheriff Charles Laux's indifference led to her daughter's death.

District Judge Orville Coady awarded JoAnn Brandon \$17,360 in damages, ruling that Teena Brandon was partly responsible for her death because of her lifestyle.

In an opinion issued last year, the Nebraska Supreme Court said Laux was more concerned with Teena Brandon's sexuality than with keeping her safe after she reported being raped.

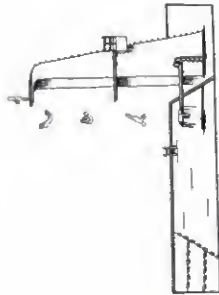
According to last year's ruling, Laux showed indifference by referring to Teena Brandon as "it" and not immediately arresting the two suspects, who had threatened to kill Teena Brandon if she reported the rape. JoAnn Brandon then was awarded \$98,223.

On Friday the high court upheld that award, recognizing Coady's determination that the relationship between Teena Brandon and her mother was strained.

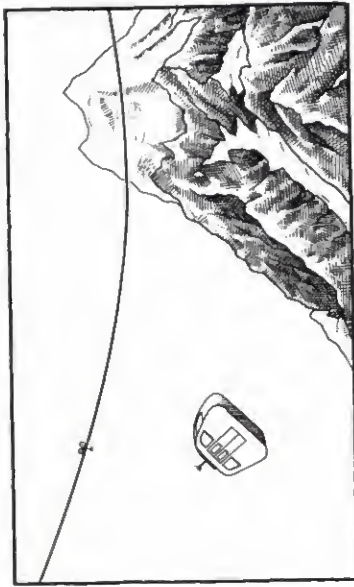
Lotter received three death sentences for the killings and is awaiting execution. Nissen was sentenced to life in prison. Neither was charged with rape.



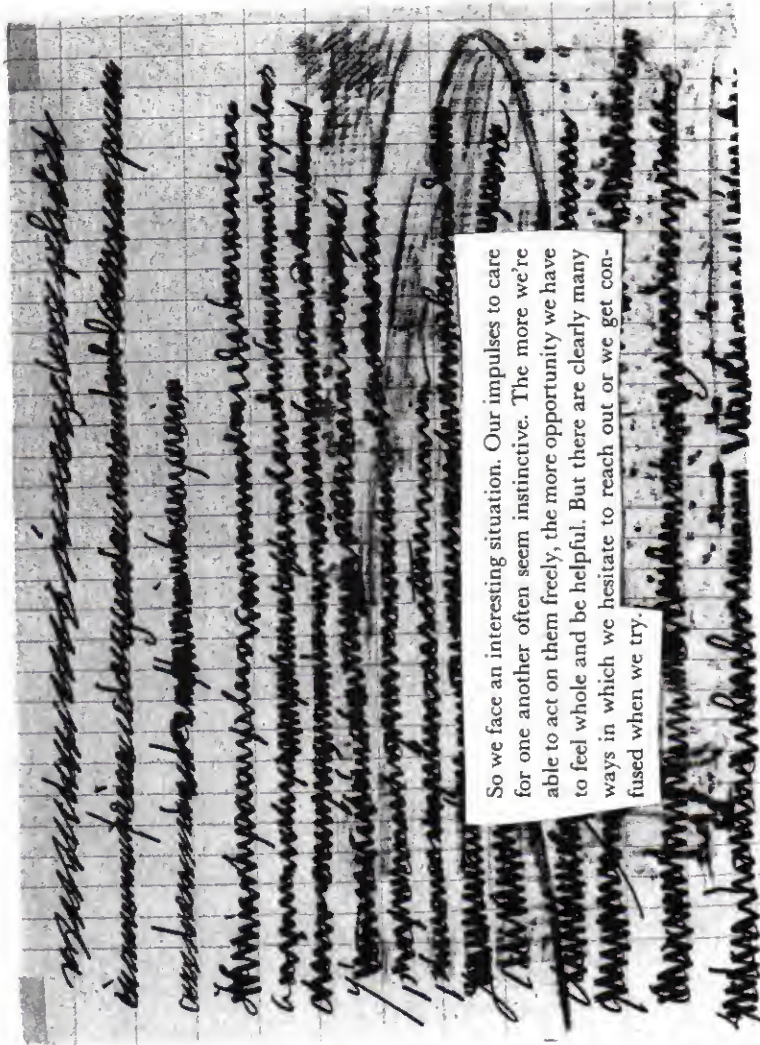
It's very hard to grow, because it's difficult to let go of the models of ourselves in which we've invested so heavily.



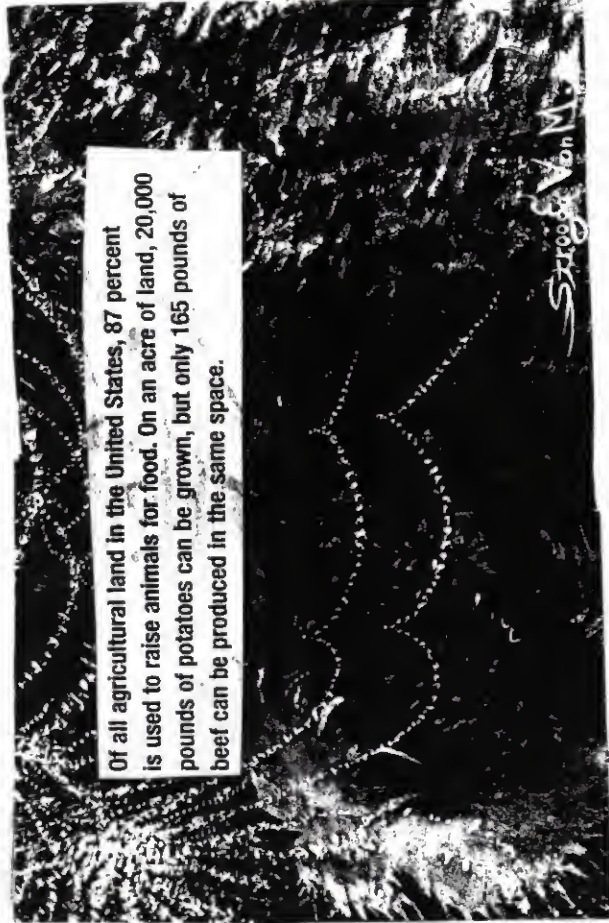
And Chagdud adds: "As the Buddha taught, in absolute truth, nothing really comes, and nothing really goes. Nothing is born, nothing ceases. Neither something nor nothing, [pure Presence] is neither one nor many. Absolute truth is beyond all of these ordinary concepts. Words can't name it"—unless one has recognized it, and then words work just fine: the cherry blossoms are in bloom, the spring air is cool.



Treat everyone you meet
like God in drag.



So we face an interesting situation. Our impulses to care for one another often seem instinctive. The more we're able to act on them freely, the more opportunity we have to feel whole and be helpful. But there are clearly many ways in which we hesitate to reach out or we get confused when we try.



Of all agricultural land in the United States, 87 percent is used to raise animals for food. On an acre of land, 20,000 pounds of potatoes can be grown, but only 165 pounds of beef can be produced in the same space.

Stragg & Van M.

Pollution

The meat industry causes more water pollution in the United States than any other industry because the animals raised for food produce 130 times more excrement than the entire human population—86,600 pounds per second. A typical pig factory farm generates raw waste equivalent to that of a city of 12,000 people.



A man who had almost drowned at the age of fourteen recalled:

As I reached the source of the Light, I could see in, I cannot begin to describe in human terms the feelings I had over what I saw. It was a giant infinite world of calm, and love, and energy, and beauty. It was as though human life was unimportant compared to this. And yet it urged the importance of life at the same time as it solicited death as a means to a different and better life. It was all being, all beauty, all meaning for all existence. It was all the energy of the universe forever in one place.¹³

Melvin Morse has written movingly of the near-death experiences of children, and tells how they describe the light in their simple eloquence: "I have a wonderful secret to tell you. I have been climbing a staircase to heaven." "I just wanted to get to that light. Forget my body, forget everything. I just wanted to get to that light." "There was a beautiful Light that had everything good in it. For about a week, I could see sparks of that Light in everything." "When I came out of the coma in the hospital, I opened my eyes and saw pieces of the Light everywhere. I could see how everything in the world fits together."¹⁴

Time upon consciousness, shining, void, and inseparable from the Great Body of Radiance, hath no birth, nor death, and is the Immutible Boundless Light.

Padmasambhava, The Tibetan Book of the Dead

some time to play. When I myself need help, there's usually someone to call. I'm able to spend some time away from places where suffering is really visible and just can't be screened out.

Yet there are few days when I'm not feeling human pain, my own or another's. If it's not there in front of me, I see a steady stream of images of misery on the evening news of a suffering planet: homeless one huddled by a doorway or tree; old one looking vacant in a nursing home; slain revolutionary or national guardsman, both teen-agers; drunk driver just realizing he's killed his whole family; starving child's bloated belly and haunted eyes; victims of natural disasters; helpless leaders, helpless helpers.

Some images I ponder; what's that one saying? Others make me uneasy; I tune them out. Some make me angry; I want to get up and do something. Others make me sigh; horror and compassion. And finally I might have to turn away, close off, and escape into some philosophical sanctuary. It's all just too much.

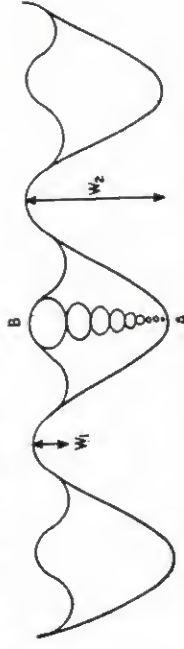
How can I keep my heart open and not go under? I've got my own life to live, after all. Still, I'd like to do more for others. What do I have to offer, and what would help most? Complicated business, all this.

Look, you do the best you can. . . .

22

Mind is like an ocean. The surface layers of the mind function actively while the deeper levels remain silent. The functioning surface level of the ocean of mind is called the conscious mind. Any thought at the surface level is consciously cognized, and it is at this level that thoughts are appreciated as thoughts.

A thought starts from the deepest level of consciousness and rises through the whole depth of the ocean of mind until it finally appears as a conscious thought at the surface. Thus we find that every thought stirs the whole range of the depth of consciousness but is consciously appreciated only when it reaches the conscious level; all its earlier stages of development are not appreciated. That is why we say that, for all practical purposes, the deeper levels of the ocean of consciousness are as though silent.



Referring to the illustration, the bubble of thought rising from level A grows in size. By the time it reaches the surface level B, it has developed sufficiently to be appreciated as a thought. This is the level of conscious mind. The subtle states of the thought-bubble below this conscious level are not appreciated.

If the thought-bubble could be consciously appreciated at the level below B, and at all levels of subtlety from B to A, it would then be possible to bring the level A within the range of the conscious mind. In this way the depth of the conscious mind (represented by W_1) would become greater (as represented by W_2), and the power of the conscious mind would be increased enormously. This expansion of the conscious capacity of the mind happens automatically on the march towards Being. It is as if the waves on the surface of the ocean have communicated with the deeper levels of water so that each wave is mightier than the wave before. The full mental potential is thus unfolded and the conscious capacity of the mind is increased to the maximum extent.



37

bility. But there's usually a maze of other motives: a need for self-esteem, approval, status, power; the desire to feel useful, find intimacy, pay back some debt.

Sometimes I'll help through organizations. But the purpose of helping and the people who really need it often seem to fall through the cracks. Maybe I'd rather do it one-to-one, keep my options open, help out here and there.

I expect my government to relieve suffering. Sometimes it does. But it also pays farmers not to produce wheat while somewhere, every forty-five seconds, a small child starves to death. And a public official, no better or worse a person than I, finds reason to justify this policy—but would probably do everything he could, faced with one starving child.

There are times when service is effortless. Other days, burnout. With one person, I'm totally open and present. With the next, I might as well be on Mars. Sometimes the chance to care for another human being feels like such grace. But later on, I'll hear myself thinking, "Hey, what about me?"

Over Gandhi's tomb are inscribed words that say: Think of the poorest person you have ever seen and ask if your next act will be of any use to him. That'll flash through my mind as I prepare to throw a Frisbee. And when I spend fifteen bucks dining out and going to a movie to ward off boredom, I might recall that a fifteen-dollar operation could restore someone's sight in a third-world country. I'm moved by the power of Gandhi's invitation, "Live simply that others might simply live." But I'm not at all clear about how to heed that, day in and day out, here in the affluent West. Sometimes I feel a little guilty.

I'm fortunate, for the moment, to have good health and loving friends, to be housed and fed, with work to do and

Bubbles of thought are produced in a stream, one after another, and the mind is trained to experience the oncoming bubble at an earlier and earlier stage of its development (see illustration). When the attention reaches level A, it has traversed the whole depth of the mind and reached the source of creative intelligence in man.

This source of thought thus comes within the scope of the conscious mind. When the conscious mind transcends the subtlest level of thought, it transcends the subtlest state of relative experience and arrives at the transcendental Being, the state of pure consciousness or self-awareness.

This is how, in a systematic manner, the conscious mind is led, step by step, to the direct experience of transcendental, absolute Being.

INCREASING CHARM ON THE PATH OF TRANSCENDING

To go to a field of greater happiness is the natural tendency of the mind. Because in the practice of transcendental meditation the conscious mind is set on the way to experiencing transcendental, absolute Being, whose nature is bliss-consciousness, the mind finds the way increasingly attractive as it advances in the direction of bliss. A light becomes faint and dim as we move away from its source, and its intensity increases as we proceed towards its source. Similarly, when the mind goes in the direction of the absolute bliss of transcendental Being, it finds increasing charm at each step of its march. The mind is charmed and so is led to experience transcendental Being.

This practice is pleasant for every mind.



Sometimes I help, and sometimes I don't.

I hold the door open for one behind me, or I rush through preoccupied in thought. I vote, but not always. When solicitations come through the mail, some catch my eye or heart and I send at least something. Others I basket as junk mail. A friend is having a hard time. I think I should phone to see how she is, but I just don't feel like doing it tonight.

I'd do anything to help the family. But how much is enough? When to stretch a little further? Whose needs come first?

Those close to me get an immediate hearing. The suffering of people more remote gets sporadic attention. I'm only vaguely aware of it. It's out there somewhere.

Whom should I help anyway? Senior citizens, battered children, human-rights victims, whales? Well, if we don't defuse the nuclear threat, there'll be no tomorrow. But if we don't support education and the arts, what kind of tomorrow will it be?

If I stop to think about it, I help out for all kinds of reasons. Maybe it's because I should; it's a matter of responsi-

35

I use medical marijuana for the
pain and spasticity associated with
my stroke. But the marijuana also
has an interesting side effect:
it gives me access to other planes
of my consciousness.

THE INTERIOR CASTLE

I have been constantly emphasizing that each stage of evolution, in whatever domain, involves a new emergence and therefore a new depth, or a new interiority, whether that applies to molecules or to birds or to dolphins; and that each new within is also a going beyond, a transcendence, a higher and wider identity with a greater total embrace. The formula is: going within = going beyond = greater embrace. And I want to make very clear exactly what that means.

This is extremely important, I think, because the higher stages of development, the transrational and transpersonal and mystical stages, all involve a new going within, a new interiority. And the charge has been circulating, for quite some time now, that endeavors such as meditation are somehow narcissistic and withdrawn. Environmentalists, in particular, often claim that meditation is somehow "escapist" or "egocentric," and that this "going within" simply ignores the "real" problems in the "real" world "out there."

Precisely the opposite. Far from being some sort of narcissistic withdrawal or inward isolation, meditation (or transpersonal development in general) is a simple and natural continuation of the evolutionary process, where every going within is also a going beyond to a wider embrace.

Recall that two of our tenets (8 and 12d) stated that increasing evolution means increasing depth and increasing relative autonomy. In the realm of human development, this particularly shows up in the fact that, according to developmental psychology (as we will see), increasing growth and development always involve *increasing internalization* (or *increasing interiorization*). And as paradoxical as it initially sounds, the *more interiorized* a person is, the *less narcissistic* his or her awareness becomes. So we need to understand why, for all schools of developmental psychology, this equation is true: increasing development = *increasing interiorization* = *decreasing narcissism* (or *decreasing egocentrism*).

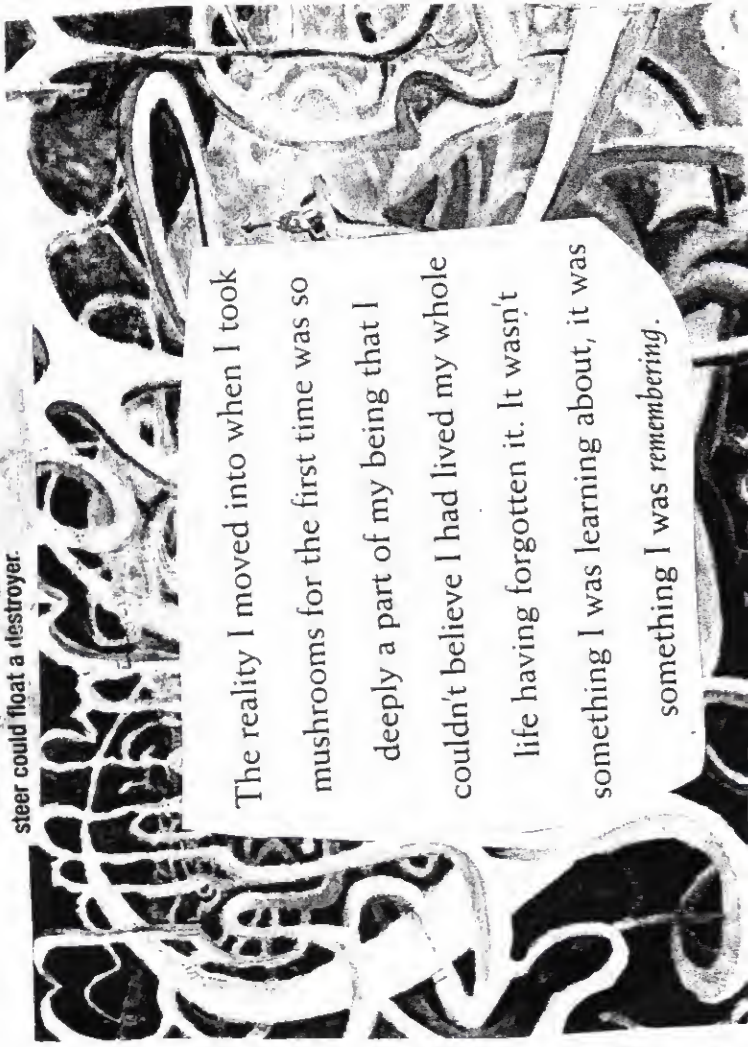
In short, we need to understand why the more interior a person is, the less egocentric he or she becomes.

24

Gathering the rainclouds
I am the thunder of unflinching crazy wisdom
Inviting the downpour to assuage the drought of the dark age.
The world is transmuted into the dharma-mandala.
I invite you, Padma Trimê, to be my guest and witness.

Water

Raising animals for food consumes more than half of all the water used in the United States. It takes 2,500 gallons of water to produce a pound of meat, but only 25 gallons to produce a pound of wheat. The amount of water used in the production of the average steer could float a destroyer.



The reality I moved into when I took
mushrooms for the first time was so
deeply a part of my being that I
couldn't believe I had lived my whole
life having forgotten it. It wasn't
something I was learning about, it was
something I was remembering.

“To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty, to find the best in others; to leave the world a little better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is the meaning of success.”

Ours has been a long struggle.

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Whatever. I don't care. I blow my whistle. I'm all over the place.

I don't discriminate, either. I go after the sanitation men too. The union got them a coffee break. Some coffee. They're having eggs, they're having bacon, they're having toast... they're having French toast. I kid them about it. And I go right into the restaurant and blow my whistle. They love it, they understand. Everybody loves it, everybody understands. It's the whistle that gets them. Somebody I'm having such a laugh, I can't blow it. Then I get back to work. "Schleppers, get moving, let's go!"

This used to be a beautiful city. People cared. If you didn't pay your rent, the sheriff would come and put your furniture out on the street. But the poorest of the poor would come automatically and drop their pennies and nickels at your house and put you back into your apartment. That's neighborhood.

Now it's different. Things have gotten out of kilter—hard to say why. People seem to be lost in their own lives. I see them on the street, lost in their own thoughts. Not that I'm all that different. I'm a schlepp myself. I have as many bad habits as anyone. You should see my apartment. It's a mess. Me. Mr. Clean! But I'm trying. Let's try. It's all possible. What can I tell you? I'm not a saint or a wise man. I'm not the Two-Thousand-Year-Old-Man. I'm only the ninety-two-year-old man. Just a senior citizen. But what do I know that everybody doesn't know? We know. I just go out there in the morning and blow my whistle. That's what I do. You do what you do. Me, I'm having a great time. Wonderful fun. And when people see how much fun I'm having, they have to laugh. What else can they do? Then I hit them with it: "Move your car!"

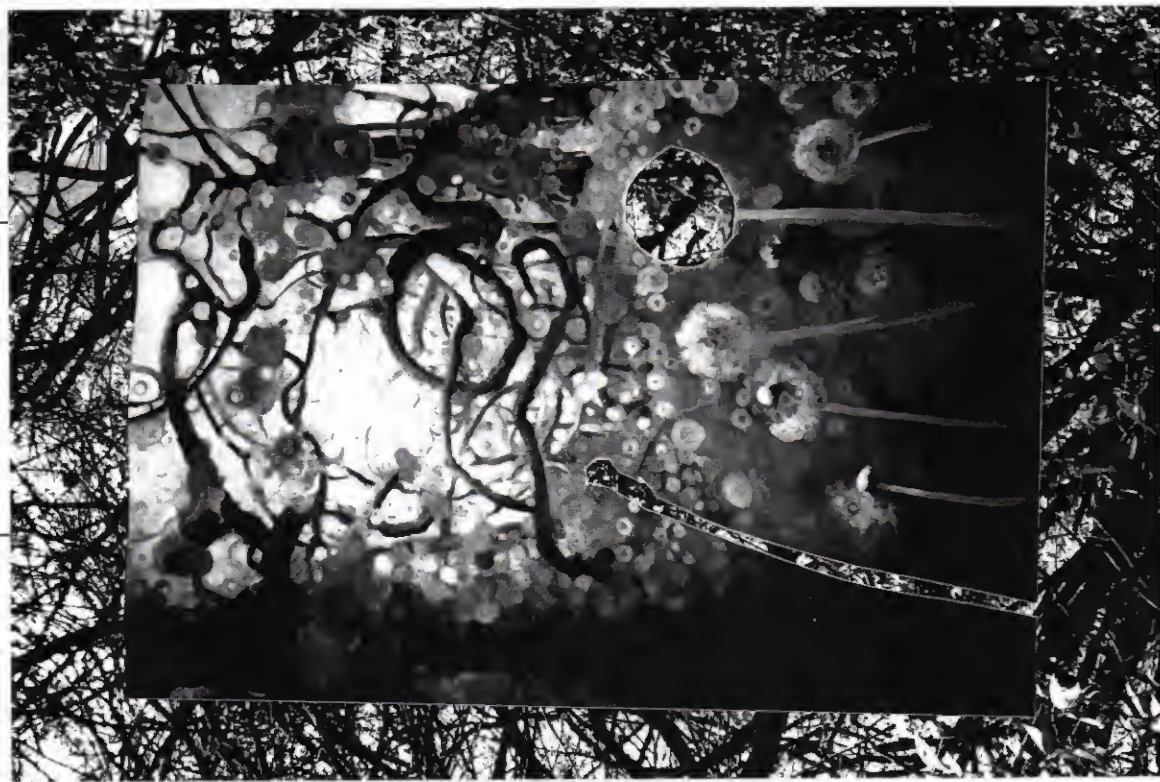
I'm ninety-two years old, all right. I get up every morning at seven a.m. Each day I remind myself, "Wake up. Get up." I talk to my legs, "Legs, get moving. Legs, you're an antelope." It's a matter of mind over matter. You have to have the right spirit. And I'm out on the streets, seven-thirty a.m. sharp.

I'm wearing my Honorable Sanitation Commissioner badge they gave me from City Hall. I'm alert, I'm ready, I'm out there. And I got my whistle. My job is I help get parked cars off the street so they can bring in the sanitation trucks and the Wayne Broom, the big one—thirty grand for a broom! So when they show up, I go around blowing my whistle to get people to move their cars. I have a great time.

People are asleep. They're busy with businesses. They're busy taking time off from the businesses. They're busy having a good time. They're busy not having a good time.



Think of all sentient beings as being more precious than jewels, examine one's life to avoid negative emotions and harmful actions, and treat enemies as sacred friends.



(27)

The Witness

Within the deep silence of the great unborn, Spirit whispers a sublime secret, an otherwise hidden truth of one's very essence: You, in this and every moment, abide as Spirit itself, an immutable radiance beyond the mortal suffering of time and experience. Spirit itself is the very heart of one's own awareness, and it has always been so.

In this first chapter, Wilber urges us to stand as this native Self, and to realize the source of our being that impartially witnesses the world and life, illuminating all things sacred and profane. In these passion-filled expressions, he guides us toward this most profound awakening, a depth in the well where even the soul cannot drink. Do you not remember this Self of yours, this great Witness? Is it not always your constant realization?

DIVINITY HAS one ultimate secret, which it will also whisper in your ear if your mind becomes quieter than the fog at sunset: in God of this world is found within, and you know it is found within: in those hushed silent times when the mind becomes still, the body relaxes into infinity, the senses expand to become one with the world—in those glistening times, a subtle luminosity, a serene radiance, a brilliantly transparent clarity shimmers as the true nature of all manifestation, erupting every now and then in a compassionate Radiance before whom all idols retreat, a Love so fierce it adoringly embraces both light and dark, both good and evil, both pleasure and pain equally; for "I make the Light to fall on the good and bad alike; I the Lord do all these things", a passionately embracing Heart so painful it will melt your bones while you hurt yourself to the ground with awe and supplication and reverence and surrender.

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The sunlight is playing off the remnants of snow, scattered everywhere in patches, snuggling under the dark green pines that cozy up against the house. It all arises in the luminous clearing of Emptiness, the spaciousness of Godhead, the unqualifiable expanse of All Space, which is not other than one's own choiceless awareness, moment to moment. There is *just this*. It blinds me into submission, takes my breath away, forces me to surrender to my own deepest state, where I am totally undone in the Beauty of it all.

That is exactly why Beauty takes on such a profound meaning. In that choiceless awareness, in the utter simplicity of One Taste, all realms—from causal formlessness to subtle luminosity to gross body, mind, and nature—take on a painful beauty, a truly painful beauty. Aesthetics takes on an entirely new importance, aesthetics in all domains—the beauty of the body, the beauty of the mind, the beauty of the soul, the beauty of spirit. When all things are seen as perfect expressions of Spirit, just as they are, all things become deeply, painfully beautiful.

Yesterday I sat in a shopping mall for hours, watching people pass by, and they were all as precious as green emeralds. The occasional joy in their voices, but more often the pain in their faces, the sadness in their eyes, the burdensome slowness of their paces—I registered none of that. I saw only the glory of green emeralds, and radiant buddhas walking everywhere, and there was no I to see any of this, but the emeralds were there just the same. The dirt on the sidewalk, the rocks in the street, the cries of the children, here and there—a paradise in a shopping mall, and who would ever have suspected?

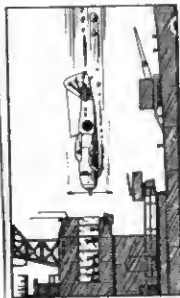
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LSD is a product of science. The mind
produced that which takes us beyond
the mind—that's pretty good!

Q: So we'll start the story with the Big Bang itself, and then trace out the course of evolution from matter to life to mind. And then, with the emergence of mind, or human consciousness, we'll look at the five or six major epochs of human evolution itself. And all of this is set in the context of spirituality—of what spirituality means, of the various forms that it has historically taken, and the forms that it might take tomorrow. Sound right?

KW: Yes, it's sort of a brief history of everything. This sounds altogether grandiose, but it's based on what I call "orienting generalizations," which simplifies the whole thing enormously.

Q: An orienting generalization is what, exactly?

KW: If we look at the various fields of human knowledge—from physics to biology to psychology, sociology, theology, and religion—certain broad, general themes emerge, about which there is actually very little disagreement.

For example, in the sphere of moral development, not everybody agrees with the details of Lawrence Kohlberg's moral stages, nor with the details of Carol Gilligan's reworking of Kohlberg's scheme. But there is general and ample agreement that human moral development goes through at least *three broad stages*.

* The human at birth is not yet socialized into any sort of moral system—it is "preconventional." The human then learns a general moral scheme that represents the basic values of the society it is raised in—it becomes "conventional." And with even further growth, the individual may come to reflect on his or her society and thus gain some modest

W2



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Peace First

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Violence creates more violence
--not peace. Wear this blue
ribbon as a symbol of our
higher goal to find peaceful
resolution to world problems.

distance from it, gain a capacity to criticize it or reform it—the individual is to some degree “postconventional.”

Thus, although the actual details and the precise meanings of that developmental sequence are still hotly debated, everybody pretty much agrees that something like those three broad stages do indeed occur, and occur universally. These are *orienting generalizations*: they show us, with a great deal of agreement, where the important forests are located, even if we can't agree on how many trees they contain.

My point is that if we take these types of largely-agreed-upon orienting generalizations from the various branches of knowledge—from physics to biology to psychology to theology—and if we string these orienting generalizations together, we will arrive at some astonishing and often profound conclusions, conclusions that, as extraordinary as they might be, nonetheless embody nothing more than our already-agreed-upon knowledge. The beads of knowledge are already accepted: it is only necessary to string them together into a necklace.

Q: And so in these discussions we will build toward some sort of necklace.

KW: Yes, in a sense. In working with broad orienting generalizations, we can suggest a broad orienting map of the place of men and women in relation to Universe, Life, and Spirit. The details of this map we can all fill in as we like, but its broad outlines really have an awful lot of supporting evidence, culled from the orienting generalizations, simple but sturdy, from the various branches of human knowledge.

The Kosmos

Q: We'll follow the course of evolution as it unfolds through the various domains, from matter to life to mind. You call these three major domains matter or kosmos, life or the biosphere, and mind or the noosphere. And all of these domains together you call the “Kosmos.”

KW: Yes, the Pythagoreans introduced the term “Kosmos,” which we usually translate as cosmos. But the original meaning of Kosmos was the patterned nature or process of all domains of existence, from matter to mind to God, and not merely the *physical* universe, which is usually what both “cosmos” and “universe” mean today.

So I would like to reintroduce this term, Kosmos. And, as you point out, the Kosmos contains the kosmos (or the physiosphere), the bios (or biosphere), psyche or nous (the noosphere), and theos (the theosphere or divine domain).

→ Recite the mantra quietly, with deep attention, and let your breath, the mantra, and your awareness slowly become one. Or chant it in an inspiring way, then rest in the profound silence that sometimes follows.

So, for example, we might haggle about where exactly it is that matter becomes life—or kosmos becomes bios—but as Francisco Varela points out, autopoiesis (or self-replication) occurs only in living systems. It is found nowhere in the kosmos, but only in the bios. It's a major and profound *emergent*—something astonishingly novel—and I trace several of these types of profound transformations or emergents in the course of evolution in the Kosmos.

Q: So in these discussions we're not interested in just the kosmos, but the Kosmos.

KW: Yes. Many cosmologies have a materialistic bias and prejudice: the physical kosmos is somehow supposed to be the most real dimension, and everything else is explained with ultimate reference to this material plane. But what a brutal approach that is! It smashes the entire Kosmos against the wall of reductionism, and all the domains except the physical slowly bleed to death right in front of your eyes. Is this any way to treat a Kosmos?

No, I think what we want to do is Kosmology, not cosmology.

Twenty Tenets: The Patterns That Connect

Q: We can begin this Kosmology by reviewing the characteristics of evolution in the various realms. You have isolated *twenty patterns* that seem to be true for evolution wherever it occurs, from matter to life to mind.

KW: Based on the work of numerous researchers, yes.

Q: Let's give a few examples of these twenty tenets to show what's involved. Tenet number 1 is that reality is composed of whole/parts, or “holons.” Reality is composed of holons?

KW: Is that far out? Is this already confusing? No? Well, Arthur Koestler coined the term “holon” to refer to an entity that is itself a *whole* and simultaneously a *part* of some other whole. And if you start to look closely at the things and processes that actually exist, it soon becomes obvious that they are not merely wholes, they are also parts of something else. They are whole/parts, they are holons.

For instance, a whole atom is part of a whole molecule, and the whole molecule is part of a whole cell, and the whole cell is part of a whole organism, and so on. Each of these entities is neither a whole nor a part, but a whole/part, a holon.



Begin at the trail that begins with the center and lead over the bottom of